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Proprietor.

Independent in Everything.

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Poetry.

Original.

TO JOHN B. GOUGH.

BY FLETA.

Where the blood-thirsty hero, proud Macedon's son,
Rejoiced in the triumphs his prowess had won ;—
When the conquering Romans their banners unfurled,
And the Seven-hilled city sat Queen of the World,—
The lute and the timbrel rang loud in their praise ;
They were crowned with laurel, and vaunted in lays ;
Yet alas ! for the hearts left in silence, to mourn
For the loved and the lost, who might never return.

But, *thy* triumphs are nobler, and brighter thy crown ;
And purer and higher will be thy renown :
Thy triumphs are sung by hearts, bounding with joy ;
Thou hast conquered to *save* man, and not to destroy.
Though the fire-flashing hoofs of thy charger ne'er trod,
Where the corpses lie piled on the crimson-dyed sod—
Thou hast passed through the ranks of the wounded and slain ;—
Thou hast raised them to freshness and vigor again.

Yet, our pride and rejoicing are mingled with fears ;
O ! thine is the agony—thine are the tears !

Thou, that soothest the mourner, and stillest her moan,
Is the life thou dost win, to be paid by thine own ?
Must we think, when our hearts by thy magic are stirred,
That thy strength melts away with each soul-thrilling word ?
That thy star, beaming clearer and brighter each day,
Will soon melt into Heaven's own radiance away ?

Yes, too soon must thou leave ; yet, why should we grieve,
That the crown of the victor, thou then shalt receive ?
O, the gems in that circlet forever will shine,
With a splendor unequalled, a radiance divine.
If 'tis glorious to die when our duty is done,
When the contest is over, the victory won,
Shall we mourn when thy spirit from bondage is freed ?
Let us *honor* and *praise* thee, and *bid thee God-speed*.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

BYRON.

She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies ;
And all that's best of pure and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes ;
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more—one ray the less—
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face,
Where thoughts, serenely sweet, express
How pure, how dear, their dwelling place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent ;
A mind at peace with all below—
A heart whose love is innocent.

An old almanac of Charles II time, quoted by Scott, recommends the reader to walk a mile or two every morning before breakfast in the month of July, and if he can possibly so manage it, to let his exercise be on his own land.

Tales.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF DEACON GOODMAN.

Wherein is shown the inconvenience of not having a "Musical Ear."

Deacon Goodman was extensively known not merely in his own parish, but through several miles of the surrounding country, from his amiable disposition, active benevolence and unquestioned piety. So thoroughly was the Deacon's character established, that when the people of the neighboring towns saw him passing by, they would say—"that man was rightly named, for if there ever was a *good man*, he is one." And from this there was no dissenting voice. Nay ; I am wrong in saying that ; for there are some who never hear any body praised without an interposing and qualifying "but ;" "He may be well enough on the whole," they will say, "but" &c., &c. ; and they will go on and make out "anything but a clever fellow."

The qualifying "but" must be interposed even in the case of Deacon Goodman. He had a fault. He *would sing in meeting*. "Call you that a fault ?" saith the reader.—Well, then, kind reader, call it a misfortune. "But why a misfortune ?"

I will tell thee. Nature has so formed us, that some have the "musical ear," and others not. Now this "musical ear," has nothing to do with real character, or intellectual power, but yet the persons who have not the "musical ear" ought never to *sing in meeting*. If they do, they will be sure to annoy others, and make themselves ridiculous.

Deacon Goodman had *not* the "musical ear." Whether it were the "Messiah," or the "Creation," or Jim Crow, or Zip Coon, it was all the same to him, so far as music was concerned ; it was just so much *singing*. Whether the artist were Sivori, or Ole bull, or poor old John Caseo, it was just so much *fiddling*.

He had not the "musical ear," and still less if possible, the musical voice ; but yet he *would sing in meeting*. And the gentle and respectable remonstrances of the choir leaders were met with the universal reply. "Singing is praying : you might as well ask me not to pray ; *I sha'l sing in meeting*."

It is now proper for the Biographer to hint

at another trait in the good Deacon's character. He was "set in his way;" or in other words, he was sadly obstinate in what he thought a good cause; and he was generally correct in appreciating the merits of the cause.

We all know that musical people are apt to be sensitive and sometimes a little capricious: and who has ever known a theatrical Orchestra, or a village choir, that had not a regular blow up once a year? Beyond all doubt, Deacon Goodman's singing was a very serious grievance to the choir, and no small annoyance to the congregation.

Yet in consideration of his great merits he was indulged; and his regular Sunday performances drew forth the remark, that if music-murder was a sin, Deacon Goodman would have much to answer for.

But there is a point beyond which forbearance is no longer a virtue. Great pains had been taken by the choir in getting up a new anthem, (selected from Mozart) for Thanksgiving-day, and the very gem of the piece was a solo, which had been assigned to the sweetest voice, and the prettiest little girl in the village.

All who attended the rehearsals were perfectly delighted with the solo as sung by "little Mary." It was very difficult. It was marked from beginning to end, "Andantino," "Dolce," "Affettuoso," "Crescendo," "Piano," "Pianissimo," with changing keys and flats and sharps springing out from unexpected places; but she had conquered it all.

Three or four accomplished singers who had come from Boston, to pass Thanksgiving in the country, and who had attended the last rehearsal, were in raptures with little Mary's singing.

They had heard Tedesco, and Biscacianti, and Madame Bishop; and yet they say, "for a country girl she is a prodigy."

In due time Thanksgiving day arrived; and while the "second bell" was ringing, news came to the village that a very serious accident had happened to the Universalist minister. His horse had thrown him, and either his leg or neck was broken; the boy who had brought the news had forgotten which—"I hope it is not his neck," said a rich and charitable old church member. When Deacon Goodman heard that remark, he held up his hands and exclaimed "I never!"

Now the Deacon dearly loved good preaching, and the meeting-house was to him a house of feasting.

But his religion was of a very practical kind; and although he thought but precious little of his good works, he took care to do a good many of them, and was far from believing, with Amsdorf, that "good works are an impediment to salvation." So said he to Mrs. Goodman, "do you go to the house of feasting and get all the good you can, and I will go to the house of mourning and do all I can."

And away he went to see and if possible to relieve the Universalist minister.

In the meantime the congregation assembled, and the worship proceeded in the usual way. At length came the Anthem. It even went beyond expectation. A long "rest" immediately preceded the solo. It was no rest for poor "little Mary." It was the most anxious minute she had ever passed. She arose blushing and trembling. Her agitation

gave a tremor to her voice, which added to the pathos of the music. It was beautiful.

Now, Deacon Goodman always made it a rule when any accident had detained him until after worship had commenced, to come in very softly. How different, from the fashionable flourish? All were intent on the solo.

None heard and but few saw Deacon Goodman enter his pew, and take up the sheet on which the words of the anthem were printed.

Unlike that of many singers, the articulation of "little Mary" was perfect. The Deacon soon found the piece; and to the astonishment of the congregation, indignation of the choir, and the perfect horror of "little Mary," he "struck in," and accompanied her through the solo. Accompanied!! "Oft in the still night," accompanied by *Captain Braggs' battery*, would give some notion of it. Poor little Mary was sick a fortnight. "Why don't you cut that old fellow's tongue off?" said one of the Boston singers.

"What good would it do?" said the choir leader, "he would howl through his nose." They were all very cross.

As for the Deacon he looked around as innocent as a lamb, and thought he had sung as well as any of them.

Immediately after meeting, the choir leader called on the minister. "Sir," said he, "this must stop. If Deacon Goodman sings again, I do not."

"Oh, I know," said the minister, "I have long felt the difficulty; but what can we do? Deacon Goodman is a most excellent man, and his only faults are that he is *rather set in his way and will sing in meeting*."

"But Deacon Goodman is a reasonable man," said the choir leader.

"On most occasions," replied the minister.

"Do go and see him, sir, for my mind is made up; if he *sings in meeting*, I do not."

"Deacon Goodman," said the minister, "I have come on a very delicate errand; I have come to present the respectful request of the choir that you would not sing in meeting."

The Deacon was thunderstruck; but he soon recovered. "Singing is praying," said he. "They may just as well ask me not to pray; I *shall sing in meeting*." And on the next Sunday, sure enough, he did; louder, and if possible more in harmonious than ever. The men singers looked daggers at him, and the girls hid their smiles behind their music books. Little Mary was not there.

"This *shall stop*," said the choir leader. "I will go and see him myself."

"Deacon Goodman, we all most highly respect you, as you must well know; but you *have not* the musical ear or the musical voice, and it is the earnest wish of the choir, and many of the congregation, that you do not sing in meeting."

The Deacon was again thunderstruck, but he soon recovered. "Singing is praying," said he; "they might as well tell me not to pray. I *shall sing in meeting*."

The good Deacon was dreadfully set in his way, and so it went on again week after week, in the same old way.

But an incident occurred which contributed much to bring this singular case to a crisis. About two miles from the Deacon's comfortable dwelling, there was a wretched hovel which imperfectly sheltered the wretched wife

and children of a still more wretched drunkard.

On one of the most inclement evenings of a New England January, the Deacon and his family were cheerfully and thankfully enjoying a glorious hickory fire; Mrs. Goodman was sewing for the family, and her daughters for the Missionary Society. His son was reading the Massachusetts Ploughman, and the good man himself was just finishing off a sermon by a distinguished divine of his own denomination, when bang went the front door, and in came his neighbor, and own beloved and respected Minister.

"Why! I never!" said Deacon Goodman, "what has brought you along in such a night as this?"

Now, this minister had his peculiarities as well as the Deacon. Among others he was very close-mouthed about his own good deeds. He merely answered,

"I have been about my duty, I hope."

The fact was, he had been to visit, and talk, and pray, with a poor, dying negro.

"Seems to me you're rather crusty," said the Deacon, "but I suppose you are half frozen, and so sit down and thaw yourself out."

"I thank you, said the Minister," but I merely called to tell you that I have just left a scene of misery; and I want you to go there as early in the morning as you can. On my way here and home, I passed that wretched hovel which we all know so well. I felt it my duty to stop and learn the cause of the terrible uproar within. I found the wretch beating his wife, and her screams and his horrid oaths made my blood run cold. I think he will be quiet until morning; but do go as early as you can."

"Od rabbit the varmint," said the Deacon Goodman, "and od rabbit the eternal blasted rum-shop."

This was the nearest to swearing the Deacon was ever known to come.

"Put old Mag in the wagon," said the Deacon to his son.

"Deacon, don't go to-night," said Mrs. Goodman.

"Do wait till morning," said all his daughters.

"Let me go," said his son.

"Mind your own business," said the Deacon to all of them; "I shall go to-night."

When it came to that, they knew there was no more to be said. He was dreadfully set in his way.

He took a bag and basket, and went down cellar. He filled the bag with potatoes. He went to the closet and took a brown loaf and a white one. He went to the wood-pile and took an armful of wood, and told his son to take another. All was put in the wagon; he not forgetting six candles and a paper of matches. Deacon Goodman needed no secondary motive to Christian duty; yet historical truth demands the concession, that the wife of the drunkard was his first love. She jilted him, or, as we Yankees say, "gave him the mitten," in favor of the abject wretch who was now becoming her tyrant. And this was the way he "fed fat the ancient grudge" he owed her. The truth is, Deacon Goodman knew nothing about grudges, ancient or modern. The old Adam would occasionally flare up, but he always got him under before sun-down.

All was ready, and in five minutes the Deacon was "exposed to the peltings of the pitiless storm." But what did he care for the storm? "I am going to visit the worse than the widow and fatherless." The next thing he said was, "Oh, get out!" That he meant for the promptings of his own proud heart.

Misery, misery, indeed, did he find in that most miserable dwelling. The poor wretch himself was dead drunk on the floor. The poor, pale woman, was sobbing her very heart out. The children were clamorous; and but few were the words of their clamor.

"I am cold," "I am hungry,"—and that was all.

The Deacon brought in the wood; made a fire; lighted a candle, and emptied the bag and basket. The poor pale woman, wept and sobbed her thanks.

"Oh, you varmint," said the Deacon as he looked at the husband and father; and broke off a piece of bread for each of the children. The general commotion aroused the poor wretch from his drunken stupor. He looked up and recognized the Deacon.

"Hallo, old music," said he, "are you here? give us a good stave, old nightingale. Sing as you do in meeting. Sing and scare the rats away."

"Why, what on earth does the critter mean?" said the Deacon.

The poor, pale, grateful woman smiled through her tears. She could not help it.—She had been a singer in her better days; she had also heard the Deacon sing.

I do not record these incidents merely because they are honorable to Deacon Goodman, but because they are peculiarly connected with my story.

In this errand of mercy the good Deacon caught a very serious cold; it affected his throat, and nose, and even lungs; and it gave to his voice a tone not unlike that of the lowest note of a cracked bass-viol, alternating with the shriek of a clarionet powerfully but unskillfully blown. On Saturday evening he soaked his feet in hot water; drank copiously of hot balm tea; went to bed, said he felt comfortable.

"Now Deacon," said Mrs. Goodman, "you are dreadful hoarse; you *won't* sing to-morrow, will you?"

"Singing is praying—and—"—he dropped asleep.

And sure enough he *did* "sing to-morrow," and it surpassed all that had gone before.

"This is the last of it," said the choir-leader, "I have done."

In the afternoon the choir was vacant, some of the singers absent, and others scattered about in the pews. The minister read three verses of a psalm; and then observed the choir being absent, singing must necessarily be omitted. But Deacon Goodman saw no such necessity. He arose and sung three verses himself! He stopped six times to sneeze; and blew his nose between the verses by way of Symphony!—The next day he was sick abed. A parish meeting was hastily called, and a resolution unanimously passed that, "Whereas the solemnity and decorum of public worship depend much on the character of the music; resolved:—

That, hereafter, no person shall *sing in meeting*, in this parish, without the approbation of the choir."

Rather stringent measure; but what could they do? The minister called on Deacon Goodman, and handed him the resolution.—He read it over three times. He then calmly folded up the paper and handed it back to the minister.

"This is a free country, yet, I hope. *I shall sing in meeting.*"

He was dreadfully "set in his way."

"Then Deacon," said the minister, "I have a most painful duty to perform; I am instructed to tell you that your connection with the society must cease."

The Deacon here started from his seat.—Had the full moon split into four pieces, and danced a quadrille in the heavens; Orion Singing; and the Northern Bear growling bass, he could not have been more astonished. He was silent. Emotion after emotion rolled over his heaving spirit. "At length tears came to his relief," as they say in the novels. He spoke, but almost inarticulately.

"I know I am a poor unworthy creature but I hope they will take me in somewhere."

The minister himself wept. How could he help it? The Deacon's cold was nearly cured, and about an hour after the interview, he was seen mounted on old Mag, heading due north. Four miles in that direction lived the worthy minister of another parish. The Deacon found him in his study, where also was his daughter copying music. She was a proficient in the art, and played the organ in her father's church. She had heard the Deacon's musical troubles, and had also heard him sing.

"Sir," said he to the minister, "there has been a little difficulty in our parish, which makes it my duty to withdraw; and I have come to ask the privilege of uniting with yours."

(At that moment the young lady vanished from the room.)

"I much regret the difficulty in your parish," said the minister, "and hope it will be amicably settled. But, if you finally conclude to withdraw we shall be most happy to receive you; and when it shall please the Lord to take good old Deacon Grimes to himself, (and a very few days must now give him his dismissal,) we shall expect you to sit in his seat."

After half an hour's pleasant conversation, the Deacon arose to take his departure. At that moment a boy came in and handed a billet to the minister. He glanced at the contents, of it, and then said:—

"Deacon sit down one moment."

He read the billet, and, after some hesitation, said:—

"I have received a singular communication from our choir leader; he has somehow or other heard your intention to join our society; and he has heard of it with very great pleasure; but he adds, that it is the earnest and unanimous wish of the choir that you will not *sing in meeting.*"

The Deacon was again electrified, but had got used to the shock.

"Singing is praying; and I join no church where I cannot *sing in meeting*, good day, sir."

He was very "set in his way."

Five miles West of his own dwelling lived the good pastor of another flock. The Deacon found him shelling out corn in his crib.—This minister, although eminently pious, thought it no harm to be a little waggish in a

good cause, and for a worthy object. He also, had heard of the musical troubles, and shrewdly suspected the object of his visit.

"Deacon Goodman, I am glad to see you," said he, "this is not exactly ministerial labor, do you think it is?"

"I am of a different opinion," said the Deacon; "any honest and useful labor; I hate all dandies—the Lord forgive me, I don't like them; and I like a dandy minister least of any."

"You and I are agreed there," said the minister; "come walk into the house and see my wife; she says she is in love with you for your honest oddities."

"I never!" said the Deacon; "but I thank you I am in something of a hurry, and have a little business which we can just as well settle here. There has been a little difficulty in our parish which makes me feel it my duty to withdraw, and I have come to request the privilege of joining yours."

At this the Reverend gentleman looked very much surprised.

"It is impossible?" said he, "well Deacon, though an ill wind for them, it is a good one for us, for it has blown you hither. We shall be most happy to receive you especially, as our choir leader has followed the multitude, and gone west. We have been looking about for a competent man to take his place. Our singers are all young and diffident, and each one is loth to take the lead. We hear you sing the most difficult music, and——"

"Why mercy upon you!" said the Deacon, "I don't know one note from another. I know that singing is praying; I *sing in meeting* as I *pray in meeting.*"

"Excuse me, my friend," replied the minister, "it is your modesty that now speaks; you do understand music, or you could never sing that most beautiful solo, which is worthy of an angels ear and voice?"

Now this was all Greek to the Deacon, and like a sensible man as he was, he always said nothing when he had nothing to say.

"You say truly," continued the Minister, "that singing is praying. But to those who know nothing of music, it is praying in an unknown tongue, and I am sure you are not Papist enough to approve of that; music is a language and like other languages must be learned before it can be spoken. When the deaf and dumb attempt to speak our common language, they make strange noises and still worse noises do we make when without the musical ear or the musical voice we attempt to sing."

Thus sensibly did that good Minister speak. The Deacon was a good deal "struck up," tho' "set in his way" he was no fool; and only needed to be touched in the right place.

"It never appeared to me in that light before," said the Deacon thoughtfully.

"And yet my friend, it is the *true light*!" said the Minister. "And now let me give you a word of advice; go home and never again attempt to *sing in meeting*. For if your heart is right your ear is untuned, and your voice though kind, is anything but musical."

The Deacon said nothing, but thought the more. He mounted old Mag. The Angel of Reflection came down and sat upon her mane and looked him full in the face. Reader, does that seem incongruous? Is the old mare's mane an improper seat for an Angel? I am

afraid you are proud. Who once rode an Ass?

The Deacon passed a point in the road where on one side was a stardy oak that had been blown over by a recent whirlwind, and on the other, a flourishing willow, gracefully bending before the passing breeze.

"Od rabbit it," said the Deacon to himself; it was the first word he had spoken, "to think that I should be such an obstinate old fool."

He approached his own village. The reason for his errand abroad had been strongly suspected, and they were on the look out for his return. There stood the choir leader.

"Welcome home, Deacon," said he, "hope we've not lost you yet."

"Get out," said the Deacon, with a good natured but rather sheepish look; and on he went.

There stood the Minister.

"Welcome home, Deacon, I hope we have not lost you yet."

"Get——," he was just going to say out, but habitual reverence for the Minister cut him short.

He looked at the Minister and the Minister looked at him, and both burst into a fit of laughter. The choir leader came up and took the Deacon's hand, joined in the merriment. "Od rabbit you all," he said and on he went. At the front doors and windows of his own house were his wife and daughters, and two or three of the singing girls, "all of a titter." They had seen and heard his interview with the Minister, and knew that all was well.

"Od rabbit the whole bunch of you," said he, and he went to put Mag in the stable.

Deacon Goodman took his old seat on Sunday but since that days adventure has never sung in meeting. Once and but once, did he raise a psalm on his own private account.—He was in his barn putting some hay in his cow's manger. Now the neighbors were always ready to do a good turn for Deacon Goodman; and before he had finished the first verse, two of them rushed in and asked him if his cow was choked! He never sung again.

Biography.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE LADY BLESSINGTON.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

There is an ignorance with regard to the early history of this distinguished woman, and a degree of misrepresentations in the popular report of her life in later years, which a simple statement of the outline of her career will properly correct. Her death takes away from her friends the freedom of speaking carelessly of her faults, but it binds them, also, to guard her memory as far as truth can do it, from injustice and perversion.

Lady Blessington's maiden name was Margaret Power. She was born in Ireland, the daughter of the printer and editor of the Clonmel Herald, and up to the age of 12 or 14, (as we once heard her say) had hardly worn a shoe, or been in a house where there was a carpet. At this age of her girlhood, however, she and her sister, (who was afterwards lady Canterbury) were fancied by a family of wealthy old maids, to whom they were dis-

tantly related, and taken to a home where they proved apt scholars in the knowledge of luxury and manners. On their return to Clonmel, two young girls of singular beauty, they became at once the attraction of a dashing English regiment, newly stationed there; and Margaret was soon married to an officer by the name of Farmer. From this hasty connection, into which she was crowded by busy and ambitious friends, sprang all the subsequent canker of her life. Her husband proved to be liable to temporary insanity, and, at best, was cruel and capricious. Others were kinder and more attentive. She was but sixteen. Flying from her husband, who was pursuing her with a pistol in his hand to take her life, she left her home, and in the retreat where she took refuge, was found by a wealthy and accomplished officer, who had long been her admirer, and whose "protection" she now fatally accepted.

With this gentleman, Captain Jenkinson, she lived four years in complete seclusion.—His return to dissipated habits, at the end of that time, destroyed his fortune and brought about a separation—and her husband, meantime, having died, she received an offer of marriage from Lord Blessington, who was then a widower with one daughter. She refused the offer at first, from delicate motives, easily understood; but it was at last pressed on her acceptance, and she married and went abroad.

Received into the best society of the continent at once, and with her remarkable beauty, and her husband's enormous wealth, entering upon a most brilliant career she became easily an accomplished woman of the world, and readily supplied for herself any deficiencies in her early education. It was during his first residence in Paris that Lord Blessington became exceedingly attached to Count Alfred D'Orsay the handsomest and most talented young nobleman of France. Determined not to be separated from one he declared he could not live without he affianced his daughter to him, persuaded his father to let him give up his commission in the army, and fairly adopted him into his family to share his fortune with him as a son. They soon left Paris for Italy, and at Genoa fell in with Lord Byron, who was a friend of Lord Blessington's, and with whom they made a party, for residence in that beautiful climate, the delightful socialities of which are well described in her Ladyship's conversations.

A year or two afterwards, Lord Blessington's daughter came to him from school, and was married to Count D'Orsay, at Naples.—The union proved inharmonious, and they separated, after living but a year together.—Lord Blessington died soon after, and, on Lady Blessington's return to England, the Count rejoined her, and they formed but one household till their death.

It was this residence of Lord Blessington's widow and her son-in-law under the same roof,—he, meantime, separated from his wife, Lady Harriet D'Orsay—which, by the English code of appearances in morals, compromised the position of Lady Blessington. She chose to disregard public opinion, where it interfered with what she deliberately made up her mind was best, and disdaining to explain or submit, guarded against slight or injury, by excluding from her house all who would con-

demn her, viz:—her own sex. Yet all who knew her and her son-in-law, were satisfied that it was a useful, and indeed, absolutely necessary arrangement for him—her strict business habits, practical good sense, and the protection of her roof being an indispensable safeguard to his personal liberty and fortunes—and that this need of serving him, and the strongest and most disinterested friendship, were her only motives, every one was completely sure who knew them at all. By those intimate at her house, including the best and greatest men in England, Lady Blessington was held in unqualified respect, and no shadow even of suspicion, thrown over her life of widowhood.

She had many entreaties from her own sex to depart from her resolve, and interchange visits, and we chanced to be at her house one morning, when a note was handed to her from one of the most distinguished noble ladies in England, making such a proposal. We saw the reply. It expressed, with her felicitous tact, a full appreciation of the confidence and kindness of the note she had received, but declined its request from unwillingness to place herself in any position where she might, by the remotest possibility, suffer from doubt or injustice. She persevered in this to the end of her life, a few relatives and one or two intimates of her continental acquaintance, being the only ladies seen at her house. When seized with her last illness, she had been dining with Count D'Orsay's sister, the beautiful Duchess de Grammont.

Faulty as a portion of Lady Blessington's life may have been, we doubt whether a woman has lived, in her time, who did so many actions of truest kindness, and whose life altogether was so benevolently and largely instrumental for the happiness of others. With the circumstances that bore upon her destiny, with her beauty, her fascination and her boundless influence over all men who approached her, she might easily, almost excusably, have left a less worthy memory to fame. Few, in their graves, now, deserve a more honoring remembrance.

Essay.

INFLUENCE OF ATHENIAN LITERATURE.

BY T. B. MACAULAY.

I would hope that there may yet appear a writer who may despise the present narrow limits, and assert the rights of history over every part of her natural domain. Should such a writer engage in that enterprise, he will record, indeed, all that is interesting and important in military and political transactions; but he will not think any thing too trivial for the gravity of history, which is not too trivial to promote or diminish the happiness of man. He will portray in vivid colors the domestic society, the manners, the amusements, the conversation of the Greeks. He will not disdain to discuss the state of agriculture, of the mechanical arts, and of the conveniences of life. The progress of painting, of sculpture, and of architecture, will form an important part of his plan. But above all, his attention will be given to the

history of that splendid literature from which has sprung all the strength, the wisdom, the freedom, and the glory of the western world.

Of the indifference on this subject, I will not speak, for I cannot speak with fairness.—It is a subject in which I love to forget the accuracy of a judge, in the veneration of a worshipper and the gratitude of a child. If we consider merely the subtlety of disquisition, the force of imagination, the perfect energy and elegance of expression, which characterize the great works of Athenian genius, we must pronounce them intrinsically most valuable; but what shall we say when we reflect that from hence have sprung, directly or indirectly, all the noblest creations of the human intellect; that from hence were the vast accomplishments and the brilliant fancy of Cicero, the withering fire of Juvenal; the plastic imagination of Dante; the humor of Cervantes; the comprehension of Bacon; the wit of Butler; the supreme and universal excellence of Shakspeare? All the triumphs of truth and genius over prejudice and power, in every country and in every age, have been the triumphs of Athens. Wherever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud, and the cause of liberty and reason, there has been her spirit in the midst of them; inspiring, encouraging, consoling;—by the lonely lamp of Erasmus; by the restless bed of Pascal; in the tribune of Mirabeau; in the cell of Galileo; on the scaffold of Sidney. But who shall estimate her influence on private happiness? Who shall say how many thousands have been made wiser, happier, and better, by those pursuits in which she has taught mankind to engage; to how many the studies which took their rise from her have been wealth in poverty,—liberty in bondage,—health in sickness,—society in solitude. Her power is indeed manifested at the bar; in the senate; in the field of battle; in the schools of philosophy. But these are not her glory.—Wherever literature consoles sorrow, or assuages pain,—wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and aches for the dark house and the long sleep,—there is exhibited, in its noblest form, the immortal influence of Athens.

The devise, in the Arabian tale, did not hesitate to abandon to his comrade the camels with their load of jewels and gold, while he retained the casket of that mysterious juice, which enabled him to behold at one glance all the hidden riches of the universe. Surely it is no exaggeration to say, that no external advantage is to be compared with that purification of the intellectual eye, which gives us to contemplate the infinite wealth of the mental world; all the hoarded treasures of the primeval dynasties, all the shapeless ore of its yet unexplored mines. This is the gift of Athens to man. Her freedom and her power have for more than twenty centuries been annihilated; her people have degenerated into timid slaves; her language into a barbarous jargon; her temples have been given up to the successive depredations of Romans, Turks, and Scotchmen; but her intellectual empire is imperishable. And, when those who have rivalled her greatness shall have shared her fate; when civilization and knowledge shall have fixed their abode in distant continents; when the sceptre shall have passed away from Eng-

land; when, perhaps, travelers from distant regions shall in vain labor to decipher on some mouldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief; shall hear savage hymns chanted to some mishapen idol over the ruined dome of our proudest temple; and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his nets in the river of the ten thousand masts,—her influence and her glory will still survive,—fresh in eternal youth, exempt from mutability and decay, immortal as the intellectual principle from which they derived their origin, and over which they exercise their control.

Personal Sketches.

ECCENTRICITIES OF GREAT MEN.

Many have exhibited foibles and vices in proportion to the magnitude of the talents by which they were raised above other men, lest, perhaps, they might carry themselves too much above common humanity. Pope was an epicure, and would be in bed at Lord Bolingbroke's for days, unless he was told there were stewed lampreys for dinner, when he arose instantly, and came to the table. Even Sir Isaac Newton gave credit to the idle nonsense of judicial astrology; he who first calculated the distance of the stars, and revealed the laws of motion by which the Supreme Being organizes and keeps in their orbits unnumbered worlds; he who revealed the mysteries of the stars themselves. Dryden, Sir Isaac Newton's contemporary, believed in the same absurdity. The Duke of Marlborough, when visited by Prince Eugene, on the night before a battle, when no doubt the two generals were in consultation upon a measure that might decide the fate of an empire, was heard to call his servants to account for lighting up four candles in his tent upon the occasion, and was actually once seen on horseback darning his own gloves. Hobbes, who wrote the "Leviathan," a deist in creed, had a most extraordinary belief in spirits and apparitions. Locke the philosopher—the matter of fact Locke, who wrote, and in fact established, the decision of things by the rule of right reason, laying down the rule itself—delighted in romances, and revelled in works of fiction. What was the great Lord Verulam? Alas! too truly, the wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind. Cardinal Richelieu, the minister of a great empire, believed in the calculation of nativities. Sir Thomas Moore burned the heretic to whom, in his writings, he gave full liberty of conscience. Alexander the Great was a drunkard, and slew his friends in his cups. Cæsar sullied the glory of his talents, by the desire of governing his country despotically, and died the victim of his ambition, though one of the wisest, most accomplished and humane of conquerors. But we are travelling too far back for examples, which should be taken from later times. Dante believed in his good angels, and was often observed to converse with what he fancied was a spirit or demon, which he declared he saw. Raphael, the most gifted artist the world ever produced, died at the age of thirty-seven, his constitution weakened by irregular living.—Dr. Samuel Johnson was notoriously superstitious. Sir Christopher Wren who built St. Paul's Cathedral, was a believer in dreams.—

He had a pleurisy once, being in Paris, and believed he was in a place where palm trees grew, and that a woman in a romantic dress gave him dates. The next day he sent for some dates, in full belief of their revealed virtues, and they cured him. Dr. Halley had the same superstitious belief. Melancthon believed in dreams or apparitions, and used to say that one came to him in his study, and told him to bid Guynemus, his friend, to go away for some time, as the Inquisition sought his life. His friend went away in consequence, and thus, by accident, really saved his life. Addison was fond of the bottle, and is said to have shortened his days by it. Burns, the poet, was a hard drinker, and, there can be no doubt, wore out his constitution by his conviviality. Goldsmith was a gambler, and the victim of the fraudulent. Prior was the dupe of a common woman, whom he believed to be an angel. Garrick was as vain as any woman, and equally loved flattery. Kneller's vanity was such, that nothing was too gross for him to swallow. Porson, the first of Greek scholars, was a notorious tippler.

LAFITTE.

"Lafitte," our companion continued gravely and deliberately, "was born in Bordeaux, and served his time at the blacksmith's trade. He came to this country when quite a young man, and kept a little shop for some time on the Levee. Here he remained for several years, making an honest living at his trade, when, one day, he was persuaded by some Spaniards on the levee—some of whom are now living in your city, in wealth and respectability—to go into the smuggling trade. He went into partnership with the owner of a vessel trading between New Orleans and the West India Islands. He remained in the city to dispose of the goods smuggled, whilst his partner managed the ship. Meeting with great success, he employed several other vessels, and taking advantage of the confusion incident to the situation of Louisiana, in its transfer from Spain to France, and from France to the United States, he located himself at Baratavia, a bay opening into the Gulf of Mexico, where his vessels unloaded, and their cargoes were sent up in small boats and pirogues, through the bayous and canals, to the Mississippi, and were taken across the river in boats, disguised as those of planters.—The articles thus smuggled were disposed of by numerous agents, and handsome profits were made upon them. After a while, the attention of the government being attracted to his operations, a naval force, under the command of Captain Patterson, was sent down to break them up. Lafitte and his men made out to escape, but all their property was confiscated, their houses burned to the ground, and not a vestige now remains of the establishment. Thus drove out to sea, Lafitte's men took to their vessels, and were dogging about the islands in the Gulf, when the English invading force arrived at the mouth of the Mississippi. Proposals were then submitted to Lafitte to allow him a handsome annuity and an honorable position in the English navy, if he would pilot the British force up to the city, or inform them of the most practicable route for reaching the city. Lafitte immediately wrote to Governor Claiborne of the

proposal, and begged to be permitted to fight under the flag of the United States. The Governor submitted his petition to General Jackson, who freely granted his pardon, and gave them an honorable position in the lines on the 8th of January, when, in charge of the 18th pounders, they did effective service.

This is briefly the history of Lafitte. He has been much vilified and traduced. The criminality of his smuggling consisted in its being more open than much of the smuggling now carried on in your city.

He was a tall rather raw-boned man, of lively black eye, pleasing face, sallow complexion, and good address. There was nothing of the pirate or freebooter about him.—His nature was kind and benevolent, and his heart was in the right place.

Miscellany.

THE UPPER CRUST.

"O, what a goodly outside, Falsehood hath."

The woman who makes the contemptible blunder

In getting up pies,

To shorten the upper crust more than the under,

Is very unwise;

Not only penurious, meagre and mean,

But called in the papers "decidedly green."

But look thro' this world, and you'll find that the upper

Are even more short,

More testy in temper, more stinted at supper,

More brief in retort—

Besides, in their relish for splendor and hash,

They often get short of health, credit and cash.

The man of deception is ever a lover

Wherever he's found;

And life is a book in a fine showy cover,

Most splendidly bound—

Each leaf has an edging of gold, but within

It is dark with inscriptions of folly and sin.

If strangers you meet at a wedding or party,

Bestow not your trust,

Your confidence, frank, unsuspecting and hearty,

On short upper crust—

Or you'll learn that not pastry alone hath the sin

Of an outside much better than what is within.

You will find the same spirit pervading all classes,

The high and the mean—

Like a rich satin cloak, it envelopes the masses,

Over ragged *moreen*—

As a spotless false bosom may horror enclose,

And gaiter-boots lace o'er detestable hose.

There is counterfeit breeding in full circulation,

More brilliant than gold—

There's counterfeit talent and false reputation,

Most fair to behold;

And counterfeit wealth, with its glittering dust

All showy without, like the rich upper crust.

But give me the friend that is frank for a wonder,

And trusty though rough—

Whose upper crust proves very much like the under

And neither is tough;

Let us win what we can of the graces of art,

But pledge for them never the truth of the heart.

"If angels have any fun in them," says Horace Walpole, "how must we divert them."

ALGÆ.

[Collected for the LITERARY UNION.]

LIFE.

For life in general there is but one decree. Youth is a blunder; manhood a struggle; old age a regret. Do not suppose, that I hold that youth is genius; all that I say is, that genius, when young, is divine. Why, the greatest captains of ancient and modern times, both conquered Italy at fiev-and-twenty! Youth, extreme youth, overthrew the Persian Empire. Don John of Austria won Lepanto, at twenty-five—the greatest battle of modern times; had it not been for the jealousy of Philip, the next year he would have been Emperor of Mauritania; Gaston de Faix, was only twenty-two, when he stood a victor on the plain of Ravenna. Every one remembers Coude and Roeroy at the same age. Gustavus Adolphus died at thirty-eight. Look at his captains; that wonderful Duke of Meimar, only thirty-six when he died. Barrier himself, after all his miracles, died at forty-five. Cortes was a little more than thirty when he gazed upon the golden cupolas of Mexico. When Maurice of Saxony, died at thirty-two, all Europe acknowledged the loss of the greatest Captain and profoundest statesman of the age. But take the most illustrious achievements of civil prudence. Innocent III., the greatest of the popes, was despot of Christendom at thirty-seven, John de Medici was a cardinal at fifteen, and Guicciardini tells us, baffled with his state craft, Ferdinand of Arragon himself.—He was pope as Leo X., at 37. Luther robbed him even of his richest province at thirty-five. Take Ignatius Loyola and John Wesley, they worked with young brains. Ignatius was only thirty when he made his pilgrimage, and wrote the "Spiritual Exercises." Pascal wrote a great work at sixteen, the greatest of Frenchmen, and died at thirty-seven!

Ah! that fatal thirty-seven, which reminds me of Byron, greater even as a man than as a writer. Was it experience that guided the pencil of Raphael when he painted the palaces of Rome? He died too at thirty-seven. Richelieu was secretary of state at thirty-one. There are Bolingbroke and Pitt, both ministers before other men leave off cricket; Gratus was in great practice at seventeen, and attorney-general at twenty-four. But it is needless to multiply instances. The history of heroes, is the history of youth.—*D'Israeli*.

HUMAN NATURE.

Human nature with all its infirmities and depravation, is still capable of great things. It is capable of attaining to degrees of wisdom and of goodness, which, we have reason to believe, appear respectable in the estimation of superior intelligences. Education makes a greater difference between man and man, than nature has made between man and brute. The virtues and powers to which men may be trained, by early education and constant discipline, are truly sublime and astonishing. Newton and Locke are examples of the deep sagacity which may be acquired by long habits of thinking and study. Nay, your common mechanics and artisans are proofs of the wonderful dexterity acquired by use; a watchmaker in finishing his wheels and springs, a pin or needle-maker, &c. The Sara-

cens, the Knights of Malta, the army and navy in the service of the English republic, are instances to show, to what an exalted height valor or bravery or courage may be raised by artificial means.—*John Adams*.

Man conceives fortune, but Woman conducts it.

It is the spirit of man that say, "I will be great;" but it is the sympathy of woman that usually makes him so.—*Ibid*.

Ah! why should enthusiasm ever die! Life is too short to be little. Man is never so manly as when he feels deeply, acts boldly, and expresses himself with frankness and with fervor.—*Ibid*.

WOMAN.

A Woman is the most inconsistent compound of obstinacy and self-sacrifice that I am acquainted with. She would permit her head to be cut off, for the sake of her husband, by the Parisian executioners, but not the hair upon it; she can also deny herself much for the sake of others, but nothing for her own sake; for a sick person she is capable of depriving herself of three nights' sleep; but for the sake of her own night's rest she cannot break off one minute sooner her nap out of bed. Though neither spirits nor butterflies have a stomach, they cannot possibly eat less than the woman who is going to a ball or to the altar, or who is cooking for guests; but should the doctor and her own body be the only just cause and impediment why she should not eat an Esau's mess, she devours it directly. The self-sacrifice of men shows itself in exact contraries.—*Jean Paul*.

We are all like the Adam of the epic poem; and look upon our first night as the last day, and the setting of the sun as the setting of the world. We all grieve for our friends as if there were no better future *yonder*, and grieve for ourselves as if there were no better *here*; for all our passions are, by birth, atheists and unbelievers.—*Ibid*.

Panacea.

The following are only a few of the wonders related by a late paper, concerning a newly invented pill. We fear, however, they may be exaggerated.

"One single pill, worn in each pocket, will instantly give ease and elasticity to the tightest pantaloons.

A little quantity will create an appetite in the most delicate stomach, or physic a horse. They will, also, be found to give a rich flavor to apple dumplings, and a particular zest to pickled oysters; they will thicken soup, reduce corpulent persons, and are excellent bait for mouse traps."

Woman in Different Countries.

At Cairo a woman is an idolized slave; at Milan, or Florence, a cherished article of domestic chattel; in London, a reasoning, perhaps, sometimes even an arguing associate; in New-York, she is an equal, and more often an aggravating, overbearing confederate.—*Home Journal*.

THE LITERARY UNION.

SYRACUSE:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1849.

A stout heart, a clear conscience, and never despair

W. L. PALMER

Is our agent; Office between the West doors of the Syracuse House, No. 2, Salina St.

The Proprietor, or one of the Editors, may usually be found at their private office,

Corner of Warren and Fayette Sts., over O. S. Sumner's Store, and opposite the Episcopal (St. Paul's) Church.

50 Agents Wanted,

TO CANVASS FOR

THE LITERARY UNION,

To whom a liberal commission will be given; or a salary, on being assured of their fitness for the business.

CHANGES.

It becomes our duty to announce to our readers, the retirement from the *Union* of Mr. W. W. NEWMAN, our former associate in the editorial and proprietary duties of the paper. We do this with unfeigned regret, as we lose thereby the companionship of one who has been for years a personal friend, and for whom continued acquaintance has inspired increasing regard. We wish to bear unequivocal testimony to his ability, uprightness, and disinterested philanthropy.

This change is not sudden, but occasioned by accumulating causes not necessary to be mentioned here. These are entirely of a business character, and such that we cannot but grant the wisdom of his course. We do this the more readily, as he will still yield us the strong support of his pen, and that, we trust, more often than before, thus increasing the influence of the paper rather than diminishing it. And in addition, we have already engaged the services of a gentleman in whose ability as a writer we have the utmost confidence, to aid us in our labors.

The spirit of the paper will remain the same, tho' its arrangement will be somewhat changed. Measures have been taken which will furnish its columns with more original matter, and more of the best from foreign standard publications. We assure our friends who are interested in the '*Union*' as a philanthropic agent, that we shall continually add to its interest and usefulness; and to this end, we ask their assistance in all proper and practicable ways. If the strong, generous, enlightened workers of 'Young America' would but apply the energies which daily and hourly rebel against supine inactivity, to the support of a paper which is their organ because independent, they—not we—might make it known and felt as far as there are human sympathies and wrongs.

It was remarked of Mrs. Partington that she particularly enjoyed the Fair. A cotemporary gives one of her colloquies, as follows:

"They are very fat critters," remarked Mrs. Partington as she stood viewing a yoke of splendid steers. "Yes'm," replied the farmer, "and would you believe it, mam, they were fattened on nothin' but oat straw, and it hadn't been threshed, neither." "You don't say so!" said she, and for a moment doubt of the probability of the story occupied her mind; it was but for a moment. "Well I never!" continued she, and turned aside to admire the beauties of a new cider press.

Teachers' Institute.

The Fall Session of the Onondaga County Teachers' Institute, will commence on Monday, Oct. 1st, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at Market Hall, in the city of Syracuse. The Business Committee have made arrangements for a very interesting and profitable session. Rev. Theodore Parker, of Boston, one of the most original thinkers of the age, is expected to lecture before the Institute, on Monday evening. Hon. Salem Town, Rev. S. J. May, C. B. Sedgwick, Esq., and others, are expected to lecture during the session. Wm. F. Phelps and Silas T. Bowen, of the State Normal School, will be present and take charge of classes. It is hoped that teachers will attend promptly.

R. R. STETSON,

Secretary.

Syracuse, Sept. 20, 1849.

An Editorial Convention

Was held in our City last week. It was attended by Editors from various parts of the State, and presided over by Mr. Platt, of Poughkeepsie. Their object was to confer together and unite upon a course of action relative to grading the rates of postage on newspapers according to the distance,—country journals, in their opinion, being oppressively burdened by the present Postal Laws; and in furtherance of the object, a set of Resolutions, an Address to Editors, and a Memorial to Congress, were adopted,—and a Committee appointed to collect and disseminate statistics and information, and in all other proper ways, push the project to its consummation.

Electrical Psychology.

Dr. Dods has continued his lectures for several evenings this week to overflowing audiences. He says much that we all feel to be true, and much which yet needs demonstrating. His experiments are performed in such a manner as utterly to forbid the idea of deception, for his subjects are taken from the audience, and are persons well known in community. Whatever is the nature of the influence which the Dr. exerts over his subjects, the effect is perfectly wonderful. Should his theory of disease prove true, a new era is about to dawn in medical science; and should it prove false, a new problem is presented to the mental Philosopher, of explaining the phenomena which he presents.—Should the lectures continue, we can only say, go and see for yourselves.

The following should have been served to our readers last week:

DISCUSSING A CUSTARD.—The *Syracuse Literary Union* publishes a poem of this title, as though it were original, in its columns. We beg to say that that rich custard belongs to the *Mirror*.—*N. Y. Eve. Mirror*.

—We would suggest that our friend has discovered a *mare's nest*. The *morceau* was not published by us as original, but as *selected*. We lay no claim to the preparation of the custard—we are content to serve it up to our readers as coming from another refectory. We found it without credit, and had no intuition to tell us its origin. We rejoice to have discovered its source, and announce it with great pleasure; it being the only original poem we ever knew in the *Mirror*, excellent as that paper otherwise is. Will our neighbor make the correction?

Moral and Intellectual Improvement.

We have before called the attention of the Young Men of our city, to the subject of forming an Association for the purpose of securing a course of Literary and Scientific Lectures during the coming winter. As the time approaches for commencing such a course, we again advert to it in the hope that it may be productive of action on the part of those whom it most concerns.

For years past we have had no lack of amusements, and means to waste the time, during our winter evenings. Theatrical performances, Negro Concerts, Magical displays, and the like, have multiplied upon us, and scarcely an evening passes but some exhibition either simply moves mirth or panders to the lower passions. We believe that this great evil should be corrected; that our youth should be taught that an evening assembly does not necessarily imply a corrupt one; that proper appliances for ministering to the intellect, will rescue many from haunts of vice. The Lowell Institute, in Boston, is nightly thronged by thousands, listening to lectures from the first minds of the age, while theatres at the same place only maintain a precarious existence. This fact is worth volumes of theory.

Will not the Press of the city speak on this subject, and help along the work?

Mrs. Partington was very much annoyed at not receiving an expected message by Telegraph during the Fair. She supposed, however, she said, that it was all owing to the eccentricity of the air; the dry weather having destroyed the necessary humility of the atmosphere, and thus intercepted the flow of the vital fluid.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Unfortunate.

The cars, which are getting noted for their bad tricks of late, at noon, the other day, carried off a young lady of this city, who was married in the morning to a gentleman from South Carolina, while he was bidding his host good bye. Although "true love never did run smooth," it must have run *fast* in this instance for the lady was on board of the express train. A telegraphic dispatch arrested her at Utica, and the gentleman after passing a very agreeable afternoon took the early evening train for that place. We hope this little cross thus early, will be ominous of nothing but good.

Dr. Dods

Has secured a class in Electrical Psychology, among some of our most intelligent citizens.

The State Fair

Brought among us a full complement of burglars who are trying to make it profitable to remain.—Look out for them.

A Man,

On Monday, by a sudden lurch of a boat, was thrown into the canal, and drowned before he could be rescued.

A Woman,

Mrs. Fisher, residing near the lock, was so badly burned, on Thursday week, by her apparel catching fire, that she died on the Sunday afterwards. Her husband and four children—one a babe—are left.

Rev. Theodore Parker,

Of Boston, will preach at the Unitarian Church, to-morrow, and will lecture before the Teachers' Institute, on Monday, the first evening of the Session.

Communication.

SYRACUSE, Sept. 20, 1849.

Messrs. Editors:—

In a late number of your paper I noticed an appeal to our citizens and city fathers, in favor of Public Education. The positions assumed by your correspondent are mostly correct, and his article on the whole I like exceedingly well. There is a truth and pertinency about it, enthusiastically expressed, which under some circumstances might prove an effectual appeal; but, for one reason, it will entirely fail of accomplishing its object. *The writer has entirely mistaken the spirit of the manufacturers of public opinion for our city.* To suppose that they can for a moment be warmed by enthusiasm, or influenced by the mere consideration of right, is in the highest degree absurd, and argues a great want of knowledge of the history of our infant city since its birth.

The charter found some of our schools enjoying a reputation of being among the first in the State, but instead of progressing and daily growing better they are really retrograding. Select schools have even better patronage than before,—Parochial schools are multiplying,—and people, distrustful of the policy pursued, are clamoring for the old district system. Now there is something wrong, for every thing human, founded upon justice, truth, and humanity is progressive. Let us then look the matter boldly in the face, and investigate the cause of this wrong, and eradicate it if possible. Does it lie in the Board of Education? As a general thing I believe the members of this Board have been conscientious men, working for the good of the schools, and giving as much unremunerated time as could be expected from men of business. The action of the Board is also measurably controlled by other influences to which I shall refer soon. Are the teachers in fault? and do they cling to old abuses, retarding reform instead of being its ministers? Our teachers have usually sustained a high reputation abroad, and among the friends of education generally, and I hear of no fault, save that of doing too much. The cause lies deeper. It does not come up in any man or set of men, so that we can point our finger and say, *there it lies*; but it is the spirit that dislikes taxation, that hates every thing which costs money, save that which ministers to its own pride, that opposes all progress, and sacrifices the eternal destiny of human souls to fill its coffers. In short, it is the spirit of mammon opposing and fighting all the saving influences of humanity, emanating from the spirit of Christ.

Can this spirit ever acknowledge the great maxim that your correspondent lays down, "*That Education of the Intellect and Heart of man is paramount to all other objects?*" Let me state a few facts. In one district in this city, with nearly nine hundred pupils, between the ages of five and sixteen, there are accommodations in the school house for only a little more than three hundred, and many other districts are nearly in as bad condition. In the whole city last year were reported *thirty seven hundred children*, and in *all the school houses, accommodations for only fourteen hundred.* Yet with these facts staring them in the face, a congregation of our moneyed men, claiming to represent the voice of the city, voted down a proposition to raise an extra \$1,000 to build an additional school house. The reason given for pursuing this niggardly policy was, forsooth, that the city was already in debt for certain highway repairs, and the tax would be an intolerable burden. Shame on such worldly reasoning, that would permit a slight

additional tax to outweigh the dearest interests of the rising generation. Every body is praising the liberality of the young and thriving city of Syracuse. Her streets and sidewalks, her improvements of the creek and salt sprinklings of the streets, her liberality to supply gas, and to entertain distinguished strangers, have excited praise, envy, and emulation. Yet strangers would scarcely believe that hundreds of children never see the inside of a school house, and are growing up, surrounded by all vicious influences, to fill the jails and State Prisons of the next generation, while our liberal city does not take as much notice of them as of the swine in the streets. They would wonder too that the city could give \$1,000 for preparation for the fair, and refuse the same sum for a school house, when not one half of the children can at present be accommodated.

When people admire our costly temples erected to the worship of God, our stately edifices and spacious streets, whisper to them that the same men who erected these temples, and who are lavishing their money like water to make them costly and elegant, and all in the name of the poor despised Nazarine, who went about doing good,—whisper to them, I say, that these same men defeated a plan to rescue a few hundred miserable children from the streets, and they will wonder that Heaven's lightning does not prostrate to the dust, "altars raised to the praise of Almighty God from robberies of his own children." The fact that a majority of the members of the Board of Education who have children, are patrons and supporters of private schools, may be significant. Their interests are not with the Public Schools,—taxation is as annoying to them as to others,—they constantly feel the force of the moneyed spirit which seeks to control their election and public sentiment, and we cannot expect that any but philanthropists will give the great amount of time absolutely necessary to devise means for the intellectual training of nearly four thousand children.

Your correspondent talks of a High School! What, in the name of all that is good, do we want such a school until all our children have the advantage of the elementary schools! Do we wish to cram a few favorites with spices and sweet meats, leaving hundreds to perish for want of bread?

Judging from the past we may safely conclude that our Public Schools will not flourish until,

1. The people refuse to be guided and controlled by the spirit of mammon, and human souls are considered of more importance than dollars;
2. The members of the Board of Education have their interest in the Public Schools;
3. Some man is connected with the system who has foresight enough to see its wants, wisdom enough to provide for them, and disinterestedness enough to make the welfare of the schools paramount to all selfish considerations;
4. Sufficient pecuniary inducement is offered to secure the best intellect for teachers, and not permit it as now to descend to the professions, too often to fatten upon the crimes, the dissipations, and the superstitions of community.

When these things come about, as they assuredly will in the fullness of time, we shall see our system of Public Schools appreciated and supported as it ought,—our Primary Schools sufficient in number and commodious,—our higher departments, presided over by intellect and genius, and the crowning excellence of our High School, free alike to the rich and poor, where inducements will be given for superior mental culture, and scholars fitted for the performance of their duties in life. Private and Parochial Schools will then be broken up

forever, and people of all parties and creeds will join hands in support of the Public Schools, which will be considered, as they truly are, the only safe guards of religion and liberty, and the one thing truly great in America. CLITUS.

Literary.

NOTICES.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 280.

Contents: Life of Dr. James Macdonald; Memoirs of the House of Orleans; The Legoff Family; Walpole's Four Years in the Pacific; European Affairs; Liberty at Rome; Poetry, &c.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

We have just received from Messrs. Leonard, Scott & Co., the August No. of this sterling periodical. The article upon German Socialism is conservative of course, for its advocates are too much tinctured with the republican spirit to be great favorites of the Review. Swift and his Biographers; Our Slave Trade Policy; and The Slavonians of Eastern Europe, are unusually strong articles. The Review of the U. S. Exploring Expedition, is a very candid one, and will convey more positive knowledge to the general reader than a perusal of the work itself.

GODEY for October;

Besides its usually rich embellishments, it contains a portrait of Fredrika Bremer. This alone to the lovers of "*Home*," will be worth the price of the number. The literary matter is such as we always expect from Godey.

SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE, for Oct.,

Has an unusually rich table of contents, and the embellishments are fine, but it arrived too late to receive an extended notice this week.

THE MESSAGE BIRD; a Literary and Musical Journal.

We have just received the third No. of this sheet. It appears to be devoted especially to Music, and if we are to judge of its merits by its mechanical execution, we should say that it is surpassed by no paper in the country. Its literary contents seem to be in no wise inferior, and all lovers of music will do well to lend a helping hand.—Published semi-monthly, by M. T. Broekelbank and Co., at \$1.25 per an. Office, 239 Broadway, New York.

Subscriptions received at Allen & Hough's Music Store.

INTELLIGENCE.

The "Sketches of Modern Reforms and Reformers in Great Britain and Ireland," by Henry B. Stanton, which have appeared for some time past in the National Era, are to be published in a distinct volume by the Harpers.

Ticknor, Reed & Fields, of Boston, are about to issue "Old Portraits and Modern Sketches," By J. G. Whittier.

DEATH OF HENRY COLMAN.—A late steamer brought the sad intelligence of the death of Rev. Henry Colman, author of "Familiar Letters from Europe," and of many well known contributions to the agricultural literature of the country. Mr. Coleman had engaged a passage for his return in the steamer, but died at Islington, near London, the day before she sailed.

IMPORTANT WORKS IN PRESS.—George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway, has the following important works in press:

The illustrated *Knickerbocker*. The History of New York, from the beginning of the world to the end of the Dutch dynasty. Illustrated with 15 superior engravings on wood, and a large illustration on stone, from a drawing by Heath, of London, a humorous representation of Peter Stuyvesant's army.

The Illustrated Tales of a Traveller. Tales of a Traveller, by Washington Irving.

The Illustrated Sketch Book.—(A new edition.) The Sketch Book, by Washington Irving.

The Illustrated Goldsmith.—Oliver Goldsmith. A Biography, by Washington Irving, with about 40 illustrations.

The Illustrated Scripture Gift Book. Edited by Mrs. E. F. Ellett, comprising original articles by Rev. Dr. Bethune, Rev. H. Field, Rev. Mr. Burdard and other eminent Divines.

Family Pictures from the Bible—Being the letter press only of the above work.

The Illustrated Monuments of Egypt—Egypt and its Monuments, as illustrative of Scripture History; by the Rev. Dr. Hawks.

The Illustrated Nineveh. Layard's Nineveh and its remains, with 103 illustrations on wood and stone, 2 vols. in one.

The Fountain of Living Waters. By a Layman. In a neat and elegant Presentation Volume.

News.

Carefully condensed for the Literary Union.

FOREIGN.

By the Steamship Cambria.

England.

Samuel Gurney, the first bill-broker of the kingdom, prophecies national bankruptcy to Great Britain. The *London Times* gives great weight to the opinion, and says, but "may it not be in our time that Pennsylvania shall be enabled to retort the charge of Repudiation?"

Ireland.

Evictions continue. The chief topic of importance is the extensive organization of secret societies to resist the payment of rent.

France.

A deputation of the Peace Congress waited on the President of the Republic. He conversed with them for some time on the possibility of a general disarming among the principal nations, and on the numerous advantages which would result therefrom to the finances, manufactures, morality and tranquillity of the population.

The President left Paris on the 2d inst., for Eprenay, to open that section of the Paris and Strasbourg Railway. He was received by the people and clergy with "Vive Napoleon," and occasionally "Vive la Empereur;" the military greeted him with "Vive la Republique."

Proudhon is opposed to the Peace Congress, and call it "a piece of Malthusian Juggling."

Pecuniary aid, by opening a national subscription, has been tendered to Lamartine that he might save his patrimonial estate; but he has refused to accept it.

The cholera is on the increase, and several distinguished persons have been carried off by it.

The Council-General of the Department of Cher has decided to advise the revision of the Constitution in 1852, that is when, legally, the revision can take place.

Italy.

Venice is declared to be under Martial Law by the Military Governor, Gorgoski.

It is yet undecided whether the Pope will accept the conditions submitted to him and return to Rome.

Hungary.

There is no more fighting in Hungary. The Russians are marching back to Poland, with the exception of three corps.

The Independence, of Brussels, states, that the Russians will leave 60,000 men in Hungary during the winter.

Kossuth, Bem, and Dembinski, with 20 to 30 followers, escaped to Wallachia, a Turkish Province. As Austrian subjects in Turkey are under Austrian jurisdiction, by former treaty, Austria will doubtless demand them, but whether Turkey will yield them up remains to be seen.

Gorgey has been pardoned by the Austrian Government,—yet this fact is not a sure proof that he was bribed.

It is said that Russia intends to indemnify herself for her armed intervention in Hungary, by claiming part of Galicia in the East, and in the West the city of Cracow and its territories.

A letter from Arad, states, that after giving up the dictatorship to Gorgey, Kossuth enrolled himself as a simple soldier in the artillery, and actually served during the few days which preceded the capitulation at Villagos.

Russia.

The Emperor Nicholas, overflows with ecstatic gratitude to Count Paskiewitch, for his services in Hungary, and decrees: That all troops shall and ought to show him, even in the place in which I may reside, the same martial honors which the law reserves for myself alone.

Austria.

The Emperor, Francis Joseph, congratulates his army on the glory they have covered themselves with, in humbling Hungary and extinguishing republicanism, as he hopes, for ever.

ONE DAY LATER.—FRANCE.—The special instructions sent by the French Government to Gen. Roslotand at Rome, form the chief subjects of conversation. They are said to exhibit great firmness and spirit on the part of the French Government, who are determined that the College of Cardinals shall not again assume the exclusive power in secular affairs, that they had previously so much abused.

The Pope, it is said, intends to place himself under the protection of the Austrian flag.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

MORE REACTION.—A *Black Emperor*.—The New York Express says, that accounts had reached Kingston, Jamaica, to the 28th ult., from Port au Prince, of more massacres of Haytians who had been opposed to president Souloque's government. The particulars have not reached us, but we learn that to appease his wrath the people consented that he should take upon himself the title of emperor of Hayti, and he had accordingly assumed that high function, under the title of "Faustin I."

JOHN MITCHELL.—The distinguished Irish patriot was at Pernambuco, on the 21st of July, the vessel which bore him from Bermuda having put into the former port for refreshments. His health had much improved.—*Organ*.

THE RECOGNITION OF HUNGARIAN INDEPENDENCE.—The *Philadelphia North American* says, that more than three months ago, an intelligent agent of our Government was 3,000 miles on his way to Hungary, with instructions from the Presi-

dent of the United States to recognize the Government, in the event of one being established, and to welcome her first into the family of nations.

NEW YORK, Sept. 24—3 P. M.

The *Journal of Commerce* has a Telegraphic despatch from Washington, announcing that there has been a sharp correspondence between Mr. Clayton and the British Minister, Mr. Crompton. It is believed some high grounds have been taken by this Government in opposition to the exclusive protection of Great Britain.

A correspondent of the *Tribune*, writing from Washington, on the 23d, says:—The French affair has nearly subsided. It is asserted that M. Poussin regrets extremely the occurrence which has resulted so entirely to his disadvantage; and that he has authorized a friend, a gentleman from New York, to make all necessary or suitable apologies to the President, and to Mr. Clayton.

QUEBEC, Sept. 22.

A destructive fire occurred in this city to-day, consuming before it was subdued, twenty-five buildings. The loss is estimated at £25,000, which was mostly covered by insurance.

BUTLER DIVORCE CASE.—The Court of Common Pleas has decided in favor of the petition of Pierce Butler, asking for a divorce from his wife, Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler. The divorce is absolute, and gives to each entire freedom, as if no marriage had ever taken place.

EXTRACTS.

GARIBALDI'S ESCAPE.—We clip the following account from the *Tribune*, for which it was translated from the *Opinione* of Turin.

"Garibaldi has written to his mother at Nice, that he is safe and sound at Venice with his family and his followers. It is untrue that one of his sons went to meet him with an American vessel. His oldest son, who bears the name of Menotti Garibaldi is but eight years old. He was with him, as well as a younger son, named Riciotta, his little daughter Teresita, and his wife. During the march from Rome to Venice, which is about 400 miles, he fought the French once, and the Austrians four times. The greater part of the men who had followed him were unable to bear such fatigue, and either went home to their families or laid down their arms on the Territory of San Marino.

However, they took care to protect the embarkation of their Chief by drawing upon themselves the attention of the Austrians, which they did by performing a variety of revolutions in the neighboring mountains. Garibaldi kept about two hundred men determined to live or die with him. He took with him all the prisoners in the jails on the road where he passed, and put on them the red uniforms of his soldiers. At Casenatico he embarked them on board the largest vessels he could find, and they put out on the high seas. The Austrian ships at once gave chase. At the same time Garibaldi, in the lightest craft, was sailing along in shoal water. Three times he had to seek the shore, to re-embark afterward. Thus he passed through a thousand perils, and arrived at Brendola. The Venetians being informed beforehand, had sent there some small vessels to meet him.—During this whole journey he maintained a very severe discipline; ten men were shot because they were found to have in their knapsacks articles taken from the country people. Garibaldi, the defender of the rich Montivideo, is without fortune, and cares little for that. He is a true Italian of the antique race."

Editorial Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Saturday, Sept. 22d, 1849.

Imagine me, my dear Union, in a state between sleeping and waking, seated at a writing table, with the vain purpose of sketching the events of the last two days in tangible form. It is eleven o'clock, and no inspiration visits me; ergo, I'll write without it.

On leaving Syracuse on Thursday evening, I settled myself complacently back in my seat, with the flattering anticipation of a quiet sleep during the night. Away went the iron horse at a very respectable gallop, and I was fast sinking into a state of blissful unconsciousness, when a hand, very gently laid on my shoulder, summoned back my senses to their duties. I had before noticed a hatted and great-coated man, walking several times uneasily past; and now saw his face in flattering proximity with my own, while, in the most deprecatory, and yet confidential tone, he inquired, "Pray sir, is this seat engaged?"

"I should think it was, sir," I answered, in a tone which might have expressed something both of astonishment and sarcasm; for, thought I, an engaging person he must take me for, truly, if my own occupancy of my own seat does not render his query most ingenuously simple. And so he seemed immediately to think; for he slid away with an embarrassed laugh and half uttered, apology, and I, after a little demonstration of mirthfulness, went to sleep, as I should like to do now.

The next noteworthy incident was our arrival about 3 o'clock, A. M., at the Albany depot; a circumstance which made it indispensable for me to awake and arise. This was early rising with a vengeance. With my companion, I sought the Stanwix; and my temper, never too amiable, and somewhat damaged already, was completely ruined by the fresh affliction of a cold house and a sleepy landlord. We left in disgust, to experience a climax in finding at the Delavan, a colder room and sleepier host. This completely finished me; the cold air operated on me as cold water does on the convicts. The social excitement assumed a reactionary form, and I became good-natured!

During the forenoon, I visited the Normal School, for the first time since occupying the new building. This is indeed a splendid structure; the rooms large and symmetrical, and the arrangement admirably convenient. I trust that the pupils may carry away such lessons in architectural taste and utility, as shall soon act visibly on the new school houses which we see all over the State replacing the old huts.

The school commenced with more pupils this term than ever before, but has been considerably reduced by Cholera. All the machinery works perfectly, giving a lesson of order which I wish all might learn. At a future time, and when awake, I shall describe its chief features.

On arriving in New York this morning, I booked myself at TAYLOR'S, in Cortland St., to which I had been recommended. I should do less than justice, did I neglect to speak of the house as it deserves. Everything is regular and well ordered—your wants are quietly satisfied, almost before you know them. Scrupulous neatness, and all the essential features of New England housewifery, together with the most reasonable prices, cannot fail to recommend it to all who once enjoy them.

New York has bravely recovered from her Cholera, for never did I see life more actively energizing

every part of her system. All are busy—all seemingly pleased. This is the general view. But come to look a little more critically, we catch a glimpse of beggared backs, want-worn features and passion-degraded visages, that bring sharply to mind the ever-attending curses of the large city. Alas! that the social part of humanity—the quality which draws men into mutual association—should ever carry with it the elements of misery and crime.

On looking in upon the annual trade-sale of books, at the rooms of Bangs & Platt, I was pleased to observe several familiar faces; among them, Mr. Gillam of Auburn, and Messrs. Wynkoop and Peck of Syracuse. The sale, I am told, is extremely good.

Among the richest pleasures of the day, I must place those enjoyed through the society of such of the editorial fraternity as fortune threw me amongst. More cordial courtesy—more gentlemanly kindness—I never experienced. I shall long remember, with unmingled satisfaction, the attentions of Messrs. QUACKENBOS, of the *Literary American*, TODD and DINSMORE, of the *Pathfinder*, FOWLER and WELLS, of the *Phrenological Journal*, and HORN—that prince of punsters—of the *Inveterate*; besides many others, with whom my interviews were shorter.

And now, having doubtless put my readers asleep, and having nearly finished my own nap, I will adjourn it to the bed. More anon, W.

Our Exchange Miscellany.

The following passages occur in the London correspondence of the *Tribune* :—

I have often considered that among national kindnesses a fine movement might be begun, were we to convey to each other by suitable presents the great improvements which are peculiar to ourselves. What, for instance, could be a nobler thing, than for England or America to send out to the Emperor of China first-rate working models of our Railroads and Steamships—such models as could at once be copied—with of course a staff of persons to explain and illustrate the models? The Emperor might, or might not, act upon them: that would be his business; but to give him the opportunity is a mere propriety from a friendly nation. Instead of that, however, we laugh at the poor Chinese, for having imitated our steamers by an outside copy; for having made paddle-wheels and funnels and the whole skin complete; but without the steam and the engine. This is social ill-breeding: we ought rather to send the puzzled Grand Man of China a complete steamboat, to warm his machineries.

Those terrible people the Socialists, are peeping out of our press. I told you last week that Louis Blanc publishes a journal in London; it is called the *Nouveau Monde*, and is priced one shilling.—Robert Owen, too, has come out with a good-sized book: *The Revolution in the Mind and Practice of Human Race*. And then there is a periodical called *The Anglo-Saxon*, a respectable affair, supported by people of wealth, which advocates something very like Fourierism. I much fear me that the English are going to look at Socialism before condemning it, and to see whether it has any practical works before striking it down. This is a dangerous course.

A man cannot possess anything better than a good woman, and nothing worse than a bad one.

A lady in this city, whose husband had died a few weeks previous seeing an advertisement for shirt hands, called at the place in Chatham street—and from what we could learn, the store is situated between Pearl and Duane streets. She took out one linen bosom to make, and was required to leave a dollar as security; in course of a day or two the work was returned, made in an excellent manner. The manufacturer looked at the bosom with the utmost scrutiny, and ascertaining that he could find no fault as regards the bosom being shabbily done, and not wishing to pay for the labor on it, he said that the bosom was spoiled. The lady being somewhat astonished at this unexpected remark, inquired in what way. Reader, what do you suppose this contemptible puppy's answer was? Listen: "*The stitches are too fine (?)*" It was too well made. The lady remonstrated at such a ridiculous assertion, but the miserable scoundrel only replied by insult, and said she must pay for the linen, and gave her back three shillings change out of the dollar left as security. Not desiring to have any more conversation with such a specimen of humanity, and bear his insulting language, the lady took the bosom and left the store, thus depriving the manufacturer of selling it and reaping a large profit.—*America's Own*.

If the lady alluded to has a male relative capable of cowhiding the vile wretch who thus treated her, he should not hesitate a moment about discharging what is so obviously his duty.—*American Mechanic*.

The N. Y. Herald says, that "all foreign obstacles out of the way, and Spain willing to sell out on reasonable terms, we understand the cabinet would be divided as follows:?" For the acquisition of Cuba, Gen. Taylor, Messrs. Clayton, Meredith, Johnson, Crawford and Preston. Against it, Messrs. Ewing and Collamer, "And we mean to say that this would be the division on the question of buying and admitting Cuba into the Union as a Slave State."

Canada Postages.

We are assured that immediately after the return of Mr. Hincks, we shall have the much desired reduction in the postage charges, while the management of the department will be placed under the control of the Provincial Government.—There will be an uniform rate of the pence (5 cts.) per letter throughout the country. The Canadian Government has also made arrangements for the carriage of letters, sent from Canada to the United States. As it will be impossible for the 19,000 postmasters of the Union to know our different localities, and their respective distances, the American Government will impose an uniform rate of seven cents on our letters going to any part whatever of the Union.—*Journal de Quebec*.

RECEIPTS AT THE STATE FAIR.—We are authorized to say that the receipts of the Society at the State Fair, for Tickets and memberships, was about \$8,200. This is some \$2000 more than was ever before received.—*Albany Evening Journal*.

An immense white or polar bear was recently shot on the North Eastern coast of Labrador. He measured 16 feet and weighed 2500 pounds.

The Artesian Well at Charleston is still pursued. It is now 905 feet deep. The scientific men state some facts which have revived their confidence in the eventual success of the work.

Mr. Goodrich, who is generally known as Peter Parley, it is thought will succeed Mr. Walsh as Consul at Paris.

Removal.

CHAUNCEY TUTTLE has removed his **Hat and Fur Store** opposite (north) of the Syracuse House, *Genesee Street*, next door to B. R. Norton & Co., Jewellers, where will be kept as good and fashionable assortment of Goods as can be found in the State of New York, in our line,

CONSISTING IN PART OF

Black and Arab Beaver, White and Black Brush, Mole Skin and Silk Hats.

From the well known and fashionable establishment of Wm. H. Beebe & Co., Broadway, New York. Panama, Manilla Cactus, and all kinds of **STRAW HATS** for gentlemen. Youths' and Children's Cloth Caps of all kinds and qualities, Umbrellas, Trunks, Velises and Traveling Bags, and many other articles too numerous to mention.

Cash paid for any quantity of Fleece, Wool, Sheep and Lamb Skins. **Store, Genesee Street**, opposite north of the Syracuse House.

CHAUNCEY TUTTLE, Agent.

S. THAYER,
Artist.

Studio, over the Onondaga County Bank, Salina Street, Syracuse.

DRS. POTTER & KENWORTHY,

Editors of the

Eclectic Surgical and Medical Journal,
Will promptly attend all calls in the line of their profession in the City and Country, and can be consulted at all hours, at their office,

Over Bank of Syracuse, Salina Street, near the Rail Road Depot.

The Poor prescribed for, and Surgical operations performed for them gratuitously.

Physic & Surgery.

DR. THOMAS SPENCER,

Office over Major Dana's Store, corner Warren and Canal Streets, Syracuse, N. Y.

WYNKOOP & BROTHER,

Booksellers and Stationers,
No. 5, SALINA STREET, SYRACUSE,
Have constantly on hand a general assortment of **School and Library Books, Maps, Globes, and other School Apparatus,**

Which they sell, **WHOLESALE & RETAIL**, on the best of Terms, to Merchants, Teachers, Trustees, &c.
* * * The Friends of Education are respectfully invited to examine our Stock. March 24, '49.

CLARK'S
DAGUERRETYPE

GALLERY,

Franklin Buildings, Syracuse.

LIKENESSES by the improved **DAGUERRETYPE**
Of various sizes, and of the most delicate execution, may be obtained at the above Rooms during the day, from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.

PRICES FROM \$1 TO \$20.

Chemicals, Plates, Cases, Cameras, Apparatus, and other materials connected with the Art, constantly on hand, and for sale at New York prices. The above articles are selected with great care, and warranted in all cases.
J. M. CLARK,
June 7, 1849. F. J. CLARK.

DENTAL SURGERY,

BY C. F. CAMPBELL.

Office in the Malcolm Block, nearly opposite the Car-House.

THOSE in want of the aid of a Dentist, are invited to call and examine specimens of work which will be warranted to compare favorably with the best done in this State, and at prices within the means of all.

Dr. C. would say to those in want of parts, or entire sets of **Teeth** on plate, that he will (in order to obviate the inconvenience which people experience from going without teeth from 3 to 6 months, which is necessary before inserting the permanent set,) furnish them with a temporary set free from expense, until the set is inserted.

Syracuse, June 9, 1849.

PALMER'S
NEWS ROOM,
SYRACUSE HOUSE, SALINA STREET,
Syracuse, N. Y.,

Where every variety of Magazines, Cheap Publications, Newspapers, Daily and Weekly, &c., &c., may be found at wholesale or retail, upon the most favorable terms.

THE FOLLOWING ARE AMONG HIS LIST OF

MAGAZINES.

RECEIVED EVERY MONTH:

Eclectic Magazine \$6 per year, 50c. No.	
Knickerbocker do. 5	44 "
Hunt's Merch't's do. 5	44 "
Am. Whig Review, 5	44 "
Littell's Living Age, 6	12½ weekly.
Democratic Review, 3	25 monthly.
Graham's Magazine, 3	25 "
Godey's Lady's Book, 3	25 "
Blackwood's do., 3	25 "
Sartain's Union Mag. 3	25 "
Holden's Dollar do. 1	12½ "
Ladies' National do. 2	18 "
Ch'n Ladies' Wreath, 1	9 "
" Family Circle, 1	9 "
Merry's Museum, 1	9 "
N. Amer Review, 1	1,25 quarterly.
Edinburgh do. 3	75 "
Westminster do. 3	75 "
London do. 3	75 "
North British do. 3	75 "

NEWSPAPERS.

NEW YORK CITY.—Nation. Tribune. Scientific American. Organ. Spirit of the Times. Home Journal. Police Gazette. Literary World. New York Herald. Sunday Mercury. Ned Buntline's Own. Daily Herald, Tribune and Express.

BOSTON.—Uncle Sam. Yankee. Flag of our Union. Museum. Pilot. Yankee Blade. Olive Branch. Star Spangled Banner.

PHILADELPHIA.—Saturday Courier. Neal's Gazette. Dollar Newspaper. Post.

LONDON.—Illustrated Times. News. Punch. W. L. PALMER, Syracuse.

City Drug Store.

A Large and well selected assortment of **Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery, Dental Stock, and Fancy Goods,**

Can be found at the **CITY DRUG STORE**, all of which are of the first quality and will be sold at reasonable prices.

N. B.—Physicians' and Family Prescriptions put up at any hour of the day or night by competent persons.

Also at the above establishment, may at all times be found a large assortment of

Choice Family Groceries,

Selected with great care expressly for City Retail Trade. Those who want pure **WINES AND LIQUORS**, expressly for medicinal purposes, can be supplied.

D. Y. FOOT.

Syracuse, June 4, 1849.

Watches, Jewelry, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail.

THE Subscribers keep constantly on hand, a very extensive assortment of

Watches, Jewelry, Silver-Ware, Spectacles, Clocks, Fancy Goods, &c.

Being extensively engaged in the importation of Watch movements and casing the same with Gold and Silver, we are enabled to sell at the lowest New York prices.

JEWELRY we buy directly of manufacturers, thereby saving at least the New York Jobbers' profit.

We have a large manufactory where **SILVER-WARE** of all kinds is made equal to any this side of the Atlantic and of **SILVER EQUAL TO COIN.**

SPECTACLES.

The subscribers are the sole Agents for this and sixteen other counties in this State, for the sale of Burt's Periscope Spectacles, the best glass now made.

CLOCKS of all descriptions and warranted good time keepers.

Plated & Britannia Ware of all kinds.

FANCY GOODS of every description usually kept in Stores of this kind.

We wish it to be understood that we will not be undersold.

N. B. Watches and Jewelry repaired by skillful workmen.

WILLARD & HAWLEY,

Between the Syracuse House and Post Office.

ELECTION NOTICE.

STATE OF NEW YORK, COUNTY OF ONONDAGA,
Sheriff's Office, July 14, 1849.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the general Election to be held in this State on Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

A Judge of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Freeborn G. Jewett. A Secretary of State, in the place of Christopher Morgan. A Comptroller, in the place of Washington Hunt. A State Treasurer in the place of Alvah Hunt. An Attorney General, in the place of Ambrose L. Jordan; a State Engineer and Surveyor in the place of Charles B. Stuart; a Canal Commissioner in the place of Nelson J. Beach; and an Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Isaac N. Comstock; all whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next; also, a Justice of the Supreme Court for the 5th Judicial District, in the place of Charles Gray, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next; also a Senator for the 22d Senate District, in the place of George Geddes, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next.

County Officers to be elected for said County.

Four Members of Assembly; two Justices for Sessions, a Sheriff in the place of Joshua C. Cuddeback; a County Clerk, in the place of Vivus W. Smith; and a Superintendent of the Poor in the place of James M. Munroe, whose terms of service will expire on the last day of December next; also four Coroners, in the places of the present incumbents, whose terms of service will expire on the last day of December next. The electors throughout the State are also to vote for or against the adoption of the act entitled "an act Establishing Free Schools throughout the state," passed March 26, 1849.

J. C. CUDDEBACK, Sheriff of Onondaga Co.

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
Albany, July 14, 1849.

to the Sheriff of the County of Onondaga:—
SIR—Notice is hereby given that at the General Election to be held in this State on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected to wit:

A Judge of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Freeborn G. Jewett. A Secretary of State, in the place of Christopher Morgan. A Comptroller in the place of Washington Hunt. A State Treasurer, in the place of Alvah Hunt. An Attorney General, in the place of Ambrose L. Jordan. A State Engineer and Surveyor, in the place of Charles B. Stuart. A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Nelson J. Beach; and an Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Isaac N. Comstock, all whose terms of service will expire on the last day of December next. Also, a Justice of the Supreme Court for the Fifth Judicial District, in the place of Charles Gray, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next. Also, a Senator for the Twenty-Second Senate District in the place of George Geddes, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next.

County Officers to be also elected for said County.

Four members of Assembly; two "Justices for Sessions," a Sheriff, in the place of Joshua C. Cuddeback; a County Clerk, in the place of Vivus W. Smith; and a Superintendent of the Poor, in the place of James M. Monroe, all whose terms of service will expire on the last day of December next. Also, four Coroners, in the places of the present incumbents, whose terms of service will expire on the last day of December next. The electors throughout the State are also to vote for or against the adoption of the act entitled "an act Establishing Free Schools throughout the State," passed March 26, 1849. Yours Respectfully,

CHRISTOPHER MORGAN, Secretary of State

Music Store.

ALLEN & HOUGH,

DEALERS IN

Music & Musical Instruments,

Corner of Salina and Washington Street, opposite the Rail Road Depot.

Piano Fortes from the best manufacturers—all warranted. American, French, and Spanish Guitars. Firth, Pond & Co., and Wm. Hall & Son's Brass Instruments. Violins, Flutes, Accordions, Melodeons, and all other approved Instruments. Sheet Music, Instruction Books for all Instruments, and, in short, every thing that a music store should contain. Bands furnished at New York prices.

Syracuse, July 21, 1849.

L. W. HALL,

BOOKSELLER AND PUBLISHER,

No. 11, SALINA STREET, SYRACUSE,

Has constantly on hand, a general assortment of **School and Library Books, Maps, Globes, and other School Apparatus,**

Which he sells, **WHOLESALE AND RETAIL**, on the best Terms, to Merchants, Teachers, Trustees, &c.

* * * The Friends of Education are respectfully invited to examine his Stock. April 8, '49.

A NEW VOLUME!

THE LITERARY UNION:

A JOURNAL OF PROGRESS.

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